

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

DECEMBER 9, 1935



EDITORIAL
PEACE OFFICERS
AND COMMUNISM

LABOR ORGANIZES
IN HAWAII

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1935

NUMBER 23

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NOTES AND COMMENT

A HUMAN FORCE GONE

IN A letter accompanying his manuscript from Honolulu, Gavin Gray writes the following:

The movement here suffered quite a blow yesterday through the death of Bill Prohme. I am sure that you knew him. He has been the inspiration for whatever left activity there has been in Honolulu. He had the spirit that will build the new world. Notices of his death should appear in all left and liberal papers and magazines. He died of a heart attack early on the morning of the 21st. I knew him well, but he wasn't very talkative about the past or I would send in a short news story about him. He lived in the world we are working toward, or, rather, I should say he lived in working toward that world.

We did know Bill Prohme in Honolulu; not well, because that did not happen to be our high privilege. It was our thought, on receiving the letter from Mr. Gray, that we would write something about him. But, instead, we are quoting Mr. Gray. We could not pay a higher tribute to Bill Prohme than that; we will not try.

SAVING "CIVILIZATION"

MUSSOLINI, an ex-Red, an extreme left Socialist, despises the pretention of our so-called civilized governments. A realist, he regards us as crooked, hypocritical, respecters of force, and acts on his contempt and expresses it on occasion. He needs fuel oil for his conquest of Ethiopia. The League is threatening a sanction, the United States an embargo on oil and Italy **MUST** have enough oil in sight to carry on, not merely the war, but his negotiations for peace. So he says to the press, which he owns in Rome, that he is trading with Standard Oil a thirty-year monopoly of Italian oil markets for a present supply and a million lire loan. The Standard

ANNOUNCEMENT

IN THESE troubled times, a better understanding of political-economic history seems essential. Karl Marx is reputed a better analyst of economic history and especially of capitalist history than any other writer. Unfortunately his works are little known in America to-day. In order to examine his theories, we have asked a teacher—who must use a pseudonym because the freedom of speech is costly—to lead a discussion on his works. He will present an article every fortnight. These are not to be the last word on the subject. Rather are they designed to arouse the educators, the leaders of labor and the students of social change to discuss the validity of Marx's theses in the light of history.

The first of these articles will necessarily deal with the Communist Manifesto, because that was the first important document chronologically. We invite those future participants who have yet to make the acquaintance of this pamphlet to visit their public library, there to prepare themselves for the discussion. The result of this series of expositions and tangent arguments should result in (1) a clearer view of history; (2) a better understanding of our own times; and (3) some directives that will point the way to a better society.

Since there are undoubtedly many capable of adding to the interest of this study whose positions prevent the use of their names, we invite them to write under assumed names. We urge upon them the importance of such study at this time.

Oil of New Jersey denies any knowledge of the reported transaction which the State Department is a bit surprised at. Mussolini may be bluffing, or lying like a statesman, and he knows that the English statesmen are as convinced as he is that such a transaction is quite possible; the Standard Oil is capable of behaving like an independent government and, while inquiries are being made, Mussolini can bluff a slice of Ethiopia out of England—out of England, because one element of the fraud and hypocrisy of the civilization which Mussolini is playing at with his tongue in his cheek is that Ethiopia, which he wants, is already subject to Great Britain. Our civilization is the point, the civilization we must wave our flag for, the English keep their army and navy up for, and which the mass surge to-day so clearly threatens to undermine.

THE ILIFF CONTROVERSY

IT is too early, at this writing, to learn what the San Mateo District School Board has done in the matter of a petition before it to oust John C. Iliff, economics professor at the San Mateo Junior College, from his position because of alleged spreading of "communistic doctrines" and his alleged attendance at "communist meetings". But it is not too early to hope that the board will justify its selection to further education in the San Mateo district and toss out the petition as inimical to the furtherance of its own duties and responsibilities.

It developed at the initial meeting when the petition was presented that instead of having "200 signers", as the daily press reported, it didn't have any at all until a Mr. McCullough, past commander of the Burlingame post of the

American Legion, wrote his name on it, as did another resident of the district. The efforts of an American Legion contingent from San Francisco to sign it were blocked by Chairman A. S. W. Grundy of the school board on the ground that non-residents were ineligible.

It also developed that on his return from a trip to Russia, Mr. Iliff had talked to his classes on the Russian economic situation, a subject which, one would intelligently assume, comes under the head of teaching economics in a junior college. It was also reported, on second-hand evidence presented by the head of the Legion contingent from San Francisco, that the San Mateo teacher had once attended a "communist meeting" in San Francisco and had stood with other speakers on the platform and had with them sung the "Internationale".

A relieving incident was the appearance of three students of Mr. Iliff at the college—Tom Sewell, Tony Koloni and M. L. Dexter—who testified that their teacher had never advised his classes to overthrow the United States government. The Student Dexter closed his testimony with the quite edifying statement: "We at Junior College are waking up. We are after knowledge. Mr. Iliff gives it to us. We are all beginning to resent the unwarranted interference by minority groups of economic illiterates bent upon suppression of academic freedom."

That "economic illiterates" is a gem. It would be funny if it were not so sad.

ANTI-WAR CONFERENCE

FRATERNAL and religious groups, trade union and all progressive organizations are urged to send delegates to the Northern California District Conference Against War and Fascism, to be held at 960 Bush Street, San Francisco, December 14 and 15.

The main purpose of the conference is to bring together all forces opposed to war and fascism and to stimulate the work of the American League Against War and Fascism in this section.

It is pointed out that election of delegates to this conference does not mean formal affiliation with the League, unless the organization approves of the program which will be adopted.

Although only two years old, the American League Against War and Fascism already represents more than 2,500,000 people who are either members of the League or affiliate organizations.

Following are the aims and objectives of the League:

1. The League works toward the stopping of the manufacture and transportation of munitions and all other materials essential to the conduct of war.
2. It exposes the extensive preparations for war and works toward the transfer of the war funds to the rehabilitation of the unemployed.
3. It forms committees of action in every important center and industry to defend the civil liberties of minority groups and so stop the growth of the fascist trends of industry and government.
4. It enlists the youth, especially those who by the crisis have been deprived of training in industries and are therefore more susceptible to fascist and war propaganda.
5. It seeks the support for this program of all organizations and individuals interested in the prevention of war—paying

special attention to labor, veteran, unemployed, and farmer organizations.

6. It conducts educational programs against war and fascism, to unite all forces in common resistance to these allied destroyers of mankind.

PEACE OFFICERS AND COMMUNISM

AT THE end of the last monthly session of the Central Counties Peace Officers' Association in Carmel, at which about 50 police chiefs and officers were present, suggestions were called for for new speakers. One member asked whether they could not have an authoritative talk on this "red menace" they were hearing so much about. Mr. Byington Ford arose and assured the officers that the Legion was keeping strict tab on "all reds and pinks". The suggestion was made that Mr. Ford be the authoritative speaker on Communism.

Now with all due respect to this head of the Carmel Post of the American Legion, it might be suggested that Mr. Ford is hardly yet master of all the details of an intricate theory and system of philosophy, economics, sociology, which have taken many excellent and studious minds many years to understand thoroughly. It might be suggested that Mr. Ford is not exactly impartial on this subject. He rarely, for instance, refers to Communists except as "termites", much as many people rarely refer to Legionnaires except as "snoopers".

Another suggestion was that Mr. Clarence Morrill of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification give this talk. Now of Mr. Morrill there is also some doubt both as to the extent of his knowledge and of his impartiality. At one time, around May 1, 1934, Mr. Morrill opined that dynamite missing from some projects had been stolen by radicals and he never withdrew that charge though formally asked for his evidence. He produced neither evidence, prisoners, nor the dynamite. It is also known that Mr. Morrill and the Associated Farmers of California work in rather close harmony. The "Farmers" are interested in "agitators" and Mr. Morrill in "criminals", but there is not an honest attempt made to draw a line between the two. The "Farmers", like Mr. Hearst, are not displeased to make the line somewhat vague in people's minds, perhaps even non-existent.

Now the police chiefs and police officers, many of them simple, honest, straightforward men, may be frankly puzzled and honestly seeking enlightenment. They have heard so much talk, so many statements, so much propaganda. There is always the unceasing pressure on them from employers and bankers, Farmers and Growers, in fact, from "the best people", to act against strikers and picketers in strikes, hunger demonstrators in demonstrations, workers in workers' clubs, in fact, "the underdog" in general. They naturally feel less friendly to a poorly-clad down-and-outer than they do to a rich, well-dressed banker or promoter, even if he be under indictment for illegal promotion or stock manipulation. These officers, in the difficult and confused period of unrest and economic disillusionment in which we live, deserve the fullest knowledge they can be given. They are not vigilantes; they are peace officers and many of them wish honestly to preserve peace in their localities.

And it seems to us of utmost importance that the knowl-

edge they be given be scrupulously accurate. For the man who, by his threats of boycott, broke up the John Reed Club of Carmel, an open, above-board club, meeting in public and discussing its views with complete frankness and honesty, to tell these peace officers seeking the truth that radicals are termites who wouldn't come out into the open and "one didn't know what they were doing", is not only dishonest and hypocritical, it is to-day downright dangerous. It constitutes the greatest kind of threat to the ideals of America—and we mean the ideals of justice, fair play—including fair trial, no arrest without warrants, no suspicion of guilt until guilt is established. The kind of propaganda Mr. Ford and possibly Mr. Morrill would make, we are afraid, might be the kind that would predispose any peace officer to believe his culprit—a striker, picketer, hunger marcher, relief demonstrator, radical lecturer or Communist—guilty *prima facie* without any proof.

Now the American Legion may want that, and the Associated Farmers and Industrial Association might desire it, and the Chambers of Commerce might be very pleased at such results; but anyone concerned with the growing fascist danger in America, and especially in California, with the fundamental and constitutional rights of Americans—anyone who abhors vigilante action—will do well to feel grave apprehension. A propaganda lecture, instead of honest, informed fact-giving by someone who knows the facts, would be an insult to the police chiefs, the sheriffs and the policemen; an insult to the flag, if the flag stands for what these patriots say it does; an insult to the democratic institutions of America; a defiling of the ideals on which this commonwealth was founded. Mr. Ford can well afford to leave the lies that are told about those who wish greater economic justice in America, to Mr. Hearst and his newspapers. The officers read them, too. He could serve his country and history, his professed ideals and his Legion a good deal better by either giving an honest picture of what he knows, or by confessing he has not enough knowledge; or by suggesting to the Peace Officers' Association that if they want to know about communism, they get an expert on the subject to address them, as they do on any other subject: for instance, the District Organizer of the Communist Party, or any other party official. They wouldn't hear an address on the intricacies of poultry farming by Mr. Ford or Mr. Morrill, would they?

And the other point: Mr. Ford announced that the Legion was keeping track of "reds and pinks". This is important for those liberals who still believe that it can't happen here; who still believe that when fascism is installed it will hit only the "Reds". Sinclair Lewis said correctly it would not be Foster's and Browder's books that would be burned in a Nazi orgy in America; it would be Thoreau and Emerson, Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, Wells and Tolstoy, Woodrow Wilson and P. G. Wodehouse.

And so also it is already apparent in Hearst's typically fascist attacks on the American Civil Liberties Union, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Methodist Federation for Social Action, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the League for Independent Political Action, that all anti-fascists, all those who do not wish to be regimented into a murderous and tyrannical regime for the greater glory of privilege, monopoly and profits, inequality and injustice would be acted against—imprisoned, tortured, deported, or killed—under an American Fascism. Already Hearst calls pacifism, liberalism, demands for constitutional rights, culture, free education itself, "communist-

inspired". Already he rails against clergymen, students, teachers, educators, those arguing for civil liberties, as if they were traitors and betrayers. The snooping of the Legion is a well-known fascist phenomenon. Those who say they want no "foreign -isms" in the United States should realize they are acting in exact imitation of the Nazi storm troopers of Germany—of fascists anywhere. Mr. Ford knows very well he can learn all he wants to know about Communism by walking up, head high, to the front door of anyone who knows about it, sitting in an armchair and asking. Any union member will be glad to expound unionism to him. "Reds", Communists, all those interested in social justice, are eager to tell their beliefs.

And so we put it up to the members of the Peace Officers' Association to ask for a speaker who knows his subject; to keep a wary eye out for false propaganda. Peace officers are not vigilantes: and we believe they do not want to be.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THERE'S NEWS, lots of it, but it often takes an expert to see it.

A GENERAL the other day announced that Italy and England are at war. We have been dreading a conflict there, in and around the Mediterranean, and it is the fashion these days to keep such things secret. And this general says even Italy did not know this till a few days ago. Till he saw and declared it. Only England knew. Italy was aware only of the Ethiopian War. Which, now, England and France are about to propose a settlement.

IT IS NEWS, too, that the presidential campaign of 1936 is on. The experts say so, not only telling us, but proving it. They can show it in Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, especially the one where he said big spending is all over.

OF COURSE, you know that Japan is at war with China and the conquest of Asia has been begun. No declaration: Japan is one of the powers who have cast out confession. Time enough to report when victory looms.

The point about all this expert testimony is not so bad; it goes to show that hypocrisy is lapsing on to the nth degree where our culture, to advance, may have to become honest. When banks fail, they will have to admit it and close their doors; when wars are started, they will have to be declared; when we go Nazi we'll have to give up democracy and kill Catholics, Jews, Negroes; and say so.

A PIECE of "hot cargo" has arrived from the Gulf where there's a strike on. Joseph P. Ryan has ordered our stevedores to unload it, Harry Bridges forbids. It will stay in the hold and there will be a fight. Not because Bridges says so, but (mark this well!) because the union is run by the men and they have chosen Harry Bridges to say what they have to say and do. And not Ryan. And not Ryan, I repeat. This is what Labor calls, and calls for: rank and file control; that is what has come to San Francisco; that is what the employers hate and resist: democracy.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, a young brilliant, who in public life is the daily book reviewer of the New York Times and

privately is a Socrates; he once bade Farewell to Reform but has now come back to reform the Communists, with reason; yes, I said reason. Well, this John Chamberlain with a past and a future, this unreformable reformer is, or he seems to be arguing, that reformers can beat the Reds at revolutionary organization and reason. As if the reformers could and should lead the United Front or the Revolutionary movement. Not so. The trouble used to be that we crowded up into the leadership and then flinched from the hot spots where leaders had to be. We kept our heads away from where the cops were swinging their clubs. The Communists came and stuck their less valuable heads into the dangerous places, took the blows and so, the leadership. When I came along with my Farewell to Reform, I saw the advantage of a movement with a leadership of approximate thinkers who would go to the front when we proper intellectuals had to stay behind and direct the rear. It was convenient to have narrow minds to lead assaults so I got in behind them, avoided police brutality, dirt and blood and found that the new reform movement led by fanatics and neglected by our middle class was making my progress for me, for us. Now comes this honest John Chamberlain reasserting our superiority and demanding our leadership in reform. Suppose we got it, Socrates? Suppose the narrow-minded Communists turned it over to the exponents of Common Sense—they wouldn't, but it's a thought any intellectual can contemplate without risk—if the Reds gave way to us Pinks, wouldn't it be Farewell to Reform again?

THE CHINA CLIPPER has crossed the Pacific and is on the way home. It will soon be done. And once done it will be done again, and again; we shall soon be flying all the seas.

A DINNER conversation went through a whole meal without splitting the other day; a work of art, showing it can be done. I wonder my old wonder: why don't more hostesses try it? Just for fun. It's better than eating, better than drinking, much better than flirting.

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STUDENTS ARE THINKING

IN THESE critical times, what is taking place of social importance on Pacific Coast campuses? Are college students awakening to a realization of their situation, and what are they doing about it?

These questions are partially answered by a review of the major activities of the fall semester in the largest college on the coast—the University of California.

To start the year off President Gordon Sproul, in his annual speech of welcome, after "welcoming" the massed students, devoted the greater part of his talk to denouncing the subversive activities of the "ego-centric psychopaths" (radicals) who have besmirched the fair name of the University.

An Open Forum in which speakers of diversified points of view might present their side, and in which students could express themselves on vital and urgent issues, has been demanded by the liberal and radical groups for several years. And now this revolutionary idea was to become a reality. The Student Body President was elected last year on a platform which included an Open Forum in which outside speakers would participate. However, he was "advised" by the Administration (Dr. Sproul) this year that it would be less "embarrassing" if only professors and pupils would participate. The Student Body President fell in line and it was ruled that the Open Forum would be restricted to the often dull and limited field of the various professors, while outside speakers were banned. Was it fear of the cry of "another University in the grip of the Communists"? But in spite of the restrictions and limitations of this "Open" Forum, several very interested audiences of thinking students have participated in discussions of the waterfront situation, war and peace, labor conditions, and other vital problems in which college students are becoming interested and active.

To point out the true nature of this and other "compromises", *The Student Outpost*, publication of the National Students' League, made its appearance, selling for one cent outside Sather Gate. It told what the *Daily Californian*, official Student Body newspaper, dared not print. Though the "Cal" is in more liberal hands this year, it has found it necessary to print the "right" sort of news. *The Outpost*, on the other hand, was able to explain the real significance of compulsory R. O. T. C., the "Open" Forum, Hearst, and the many other issues which are becoming of increasing interest to college students.

The most colorful, if ludicrous, of the semester's enterprises, however, was the formation of several infant-Fascist cults on the campus. Fearing the radical and liberal groups' devastating power over the twelve thousand future citizens enrolled at Berkeley, the "Sentries of American Youth" was founded to protest "this rape of true American idealism by unholy radical elements" (in the words of their press release). Under the leadership of a half-dozen "prominent seniors", these flag-waving sons of America created a sensation in the newspapers, especially in Annie Laurie's column, but in spite of their heroic attempts to save the campus from the agents of Moscow, they disappeared in one week, leaving the students with nothing but a good laugh to remember, and perhaps a hint as to what such red-baiting, embryonic Fascist groups might do in the future.

Simultaneously, a group of students agreed that the Hearst militarist and fascist influence was being felt in the University and an anti-Hearst group was formed. Surprisingly, a number

of fraternity men joined in this movement, and are actively engaged in publishing pamphlets and articles opposing, and urging the boycott of, the Hearst publications, movies and radios. By way of reply, Hearst bought, for several issues, half-page ads in the *Daily Cal.* This space was devoted to the usual red-scare, captioned "COMMUNISTS BOYCOTT HEARST PRESS", and attributing directly to Moscow the whole diabolical plot of overthrowing Hearst propaganda.

Of immediate importance is the anti-war sentiment manifested by the mass of students. Forced again to meet the demands of the nation-wide "American Youth Congress" for student participation in an anti-war demonstration, the Student Body leaders and the University Administration conceded to the students a Student Body assembly at which the question of war and peace were to be discussed—by the faculty. Here, then, was another "compromise". The meeting was held, the students assembled, two professors spoke, and

it was announced that in order that students themselves might discuss the question, the Forum was to be opened that night for this purpose. The room in which the forum is held seats 350, which can hardly be called participation, for a University with an enrollment of twelve thousand! Therefore, to express actual student-inspired and directed protest, the liberal and radical groups conducted an impromptu mass meeting at Sather Gate, which was most successful. A public address system was installed, and over one thousand students listened to the several student speakers.

The most optimistic feature of all these activities has been the insistent demands of the students for action on the vital issues before them, and the fact that they have forced their leaders to meet these demands.

California students are learning practical, vital and valuable lessons—lessons which can't be taught in classrooms.

—JOSEPH SCHOENINGER, JR. '39



LABOR ORGANIZES IN HAWAII

BY GAVIN GRAY

A FEW nights ago, here in Honolulu, I attended a dance given by the machinists' local of the M. F. of P. for the benefit of the Standard Oil frame-up victims in Modesto. There must have been 500 workers of all races present in a happy, orderly crowd.

At the door, a worker was selling a small mimeographed labor paper called *Voice of Labor*. It was going fast. The paper was solid rank and file with a lot of educational material in it—militant stuff, and good. This was Friday, and the salesman told me that the few papers he held in his hand were the last of a large batch printed on Monday.

On the floor, husky Hawaiian and Portuguese longshoremen, *haoles*, Filipinos, and many other nationalities of workers danced together with sailors from ships in port, all feeling the first solidarity they have known in Hawaii; organized in the face of what has been supposed to be the toughest labor opposition in the U. S.

This is the middle of November, and until August there had only been a semblance of labor organization in Honolulu. A joint labor board consisting of stragglers from a few trades—a futile thing. Now there are 900 out of the 1,100 longshoremen signed up, Honolulu and Hilo are closed ports, and labor all over the islands is looking toward the waterfront, and learning. They are buying the labor paper and reading. For opposition there is a full-blown Industrial Association, now two months old, and there have been red scares with all of the Hearstian trimmings.

It all started off with a bang. In the last days of August, three rank and file agents of the M. F. of P. arrived in Honolulu. All of them worked their way in on ships. A worker named Post represented the machinists. A man of good American stock, born in St. Louis. Another, Weisbarth, one of the Standard Oil frame-up victims in Oregon, is part

Hawaiian, born in Honolulu, descendant of two generations of Inter-Island S. S. captains, and represented the sailors. Paxton, the secretary for the two organizations, and editor of *Voice of Labor*, is an American from Arkansas. These are the men whom the shippers, Sugar's press, and the Industrial Association call "Communitic and foreign rabble, invaders, racketeers". All of them have sailed in and out of Honolulu for years. They came in this time to put into force their right to operate a hiring hall as granted them under the Secretary of Labor's arbitration agreement.

Until that time, the Seamen's Institute had acted as the hiring agent for the shippers, many of whom are on its board. A man named Burrum was its secretary and agent. During the strike he was one of Matson's chief scab procurors.

General conditions at the institute were bad. Seamen were getting three six-cent meals a day in return for two hours' work. The Institute was receiving both federal and local aid. Its allotment from the United Welfare Fund for this year is \$14,000.00.

On the second of September the agents opened a hiring hall. Immediately afterwards, a man standing in front of the place was unmercifully beaten by two thugs. When the thugs were arrested they said that they had made a mistake. It was Post and Weisbarth they were after, and Burrum had paid them \$150.00 for the job. In police court Burrum's case was dismissed and one of the thugs given a 30 day sentence. The other, an ex-convict, was turned loose. Burrum has since then been arrested again on a third degree conspiracy charge, but, though the case has been brought before the court several times, it is still being postponed.

The day after the beating, the seamen put a boycott on the Institute and emptied it immediately. The *Boss Press* screamed "Reds Close Hundred Year Old Institution".

Stories ran telling how seamen were begging on the streets and sleeping in box cars. Obvious lies since the Unions can show receipts for food and lodging which they bought for the men. Enough money was supplied by local sympathizers to make it unnecessary to wire the coast for funds. None of this money was solicited.

Although seamen have been refused FERA aid, there is no destitution among them. The I. S. U. has made the Seamen's Institute an obsolete organization.

The man who was beaten in front of the hiring hall was the father-in-law of a young part-Hawaiian ex-longshoreman and policeman, who had already started to organize the longshoremen. The ball had started rolling.

Before the "Communitistic rabble" came, the longshore wage in Honolulu was about half that of the coast, and had been for years. The standard was 50 cents an hour, and nothing extra for overtime work. Just as the organizing got going well, the stevedoring firms headlined a twenty per cent raise. It was, they said, something they had long been considering; labor's organizing had no bearing on it.

It is worth noting here that last week Sugar did the same thing with equally loud hosannas from the press. It was a red-tape-ridden bonus that mentioned \$2,500,000.00, but will give 9 1/2 per cent raise to men who are now getting \$1.00 a day. Again labor had nothing to do with it. Anyway, the longshoremen still come to meetings and the sugar workers still read the paper.

It must be remembered that all this groundwork was done without aid from the press, with the exception of one small independent weekly, *The Hawaiian Sentinel*, which took a labor stand from the start.

The Voice of Labor, devoted entirely to the workers of Hawaii, is now getting out the third weekly issue.

As for the Industrial Association. I have before me their Bulletin No. 1. Its membership and its aims speak for themselves, but before going into it, I quote a few lines from the report of the Attorney General to the President of the U. S. The report is dated 1932, and says of Honolulu:

"The chief financial and industrial powers of the islands are commonly said to rest in five large companies, locally referred to as The Big Five (the five firms are listed) . . . The so-called Big Five have become unified and interlocked to an unusual degree, through inter-marriage and interlocking directorates, until the financial control is largely in the hands of one relatively small general business group."

On another page:

"While such monopolized control might be objectionable (this is a quoted contention of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association, the office where all the directorates of the Big Five meet) elsewhere, it is absolutely necessary in connection with the development of plantation industries in the Territory of Hawaii. Thus, such industries controlling the great question of living conditions and employment are an important factor in any problem of law enforcement."

Again:

"The Governors of the Territory have always been of the white race, and have usually been selected from the ranks of prominent business men of the Territory."

Remember that Sugar owns shipping, and the Bulletin of "Industrial Ass." is kid-simple. Under the names of leading citizens (the President of the organization is known as Sugar's trouble shooter) appears this list of purposes:

(a) To promote the general welfare and elevate the civic standards of the people of the Territory of Hawaii.

*Seamen are refused even federal aid, Honolulu has perhaps the worst slum conditions under the U. S. flag.**

(b) To instil in the citizens of the Territory of Hawaii a high regard for the laws and the ethical principles of social, business and professional life within the Territory. This couldn't mean to instil a high record for economic terrorism, could it?

(c) To assert a wholesome influence in the education of the people of the Territory, especially with the purpose of instilling patriotism in the youth of the land, and inculcating in the permanent and transient residents of the Territory, a keen respect for our country's history, traditions, institutions and the law.

Take island patriotism. If a Japanese boy, say, won't scab on, or attack another worker, he is pro-Japanese. That might be a wholesome influence.

(d) To cooperate with other bodies carrying on a like work, and with civic bodies and departments of our government, county, territorial and national, in the preservation of our system of government.

The Big Five cooperating with themselves and trying to get the federal government, through the military intelligence, to prove that all labor papers are seditious.

(e) To use lawful means to check and eradicate Communism, Radicalism, and all attempts to embarrass, harass, or overthrow our present system of government and constitutional control.

All there is to go on here is an extra-vicious C. S. law, an anarchist publication law, an anti-picketing ordinance and a trespass law that barely gives the fired worker time to get off the grounds of his former employment. Then there is the ukulele army, or National Guard. Remember, the Governors are always picked.

(f) To gather, collect and preserve, and in a lawful manner disseminate statistics, data, knowledge and information useful in carrying out the subjects aforesaid."

There is no law against blacklists unless an employe tries to use one. As for disseminating, the only difference between the presses that squeeze the juice from the sugar, or the truth from the news, is certainly not one of ownership.

Documents of this sort have been so popularized by Hearst that they are no longer novel enough to print in their entirety. In this one there is nothing he wouldn't have thought of.

The whole blame (?) lies with the reds. The organizers of labor are rabble and foreign, and are destroying American institutions. This latter in the face of the fact that the head of the Seamen's Institute is a British subject who has never shown the desire for citizenship in our land.

It is the closing paragraph of the document that makes one uncomfortable. When reading it one remembers that Weisbarth received a note telling him that if he didn't watch his step he would find himself slipping over a sampan's edge into the sea. The last paragraph reads:

"Please write us or telephone any fact or circumstance which you feel bears directly upon the objects of this Association, as only through close cooperation can we possibly keep informed of the many and sinister activities of those who are attempting to set up on our shores an organization and government which disregards all laws other than those of brute force."

Further back in the Bulletin is a long paragraph eulogizing

*Italicized paragraphs are mine.

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the tactics of like organizations in California.

So far, except for the mentioned incidents, there has been no terrorism. Everyone feels that it is only the lull before the storm. But labor is not waiting. It is working fast, its new press is educating the workers in boss tactics, telling them what to expect. A body of workers who have slept for so long have awakened to test "paradise", and they have found it wanting. Even twenty per cent raises and phoney bonuses will not rock them to sleep again. They are learning that it is a big war, and that the Big Five is not as big as they, with unity, may be.

This week, Hawaii sent a petition to the Governor of Georgia in behalf of Herndon. It has voted against the loading of fascist ships. Even the lethargic joint labor board has loosened its social democratic joints and written the A. F. of L. demanding that Hawaiian longshoremen be granted a charter.

Something has gone sour on the Sugar boys. Something all the lies in the world won't sweeten again. Labor has got together for the first time on a united racial front, and that is an experience that terror can't erase. When workers fight now they will know whom they are fighting. And the fight is on. The lowest paid laborers under the American flag have made a fist. Five races are the knuckles on that fist.

THE DEAD PICKET

THE lonely and reluctant suffering
is for this heart no longer now. No pain
of evident flesh may reach him. Straining eyes
will stare no more down the long frantic nights,
nor will the sensitive dread of death be his
to wake unbidden thoughts.

The fire of days

has gone from him.

Satiric violence! that has taught peace
upon the law of death!

This man has learned
the practical aspects of his hate too soon . . .
too soon, to whisper, above the whispering blood,

"We are victorious!"

Nameless, and unlovely, and unknown . . .
who died for us. Unutterable life!

He will not see our deaths. He will not hear
the promise of our blood. He will not know
the work of victory. And we who live
shall suffer twice in this, that our great words,
yet thunderous with truth, can never start
the vast intolerable stillness of the dead.

—JOHN DOBBS



THE SAN FRANCISCO ELECTION

BY BEN LEGERE

SAN FRANCISCO municipal elections are supposed to be non-partisan affairs. This non-partisan device is a shrewd invention of the big business interests that control this city to establish the perpetual reign of the politicians favorable to those interests. That it has worked successfully is proven by the fact that never since it has been introduced into the local elections has the political machine in control of this community ever been ousted or even endangered, and it is distinctively a Republican machine getting the casual support of reactionary Democrats when needed, in return for certain favors thrown to reactionary Democratic leaders. In this election all of the candidates running for mayor, except Redfern Mason, were reactionary Republicans, yet the election returns if accepted on their face value, would indicate that about eighty thousand of the ninety thousand voters who voted for Upton Sinclair on the Democratic ticket last year, must have divided their votes between Rossi, Rainey, Uhl and Todd, or else that most of them did not vote at all. I can understand many thousands of the Sinclair voters staying away from the polls as a result of disillusionment and hopelessness caused by the defeat of Sinclair, but it is hard to understand how any considerable number of those voters could have voted for any of the reactionary Republican candidates.

So we come to the final factor which in my opinion was the

most significant determining thing in the San Francisco election. That was the possibility pointed out by us many days before the election, of a wholesale stealing of votes by the political machine in power in this city. Those of us who were in the Sinclair campaign had seen much evidence to indicate that in the election last year many thousands of Sinclair votes had been counted for Merriam.

I went with a committee of expert mechanics to investigate the machines on which the voting is done in this city. After a searching examination, which took over three hours, we discovered that these voting machines can be manipulated with the greatest of ease by anyone having access to them at any time after any considerable part of the vote has been cast. By simply unlocking the back of the machine and turning a key which throws the registering mechanism into neutral, anyone with the point of a lead pencil or a six-penny nail, or any similar instrument might quite easily transfer votes from one candidate to an opposing candidate or from several opposing candidates to the favored candidates, in two or three minutes time.

Furthermore, by another simple operation, and the substitution of a simple seal easy to duplicate, all trace of this manipulation could be forever wiped out, and no subsequent examination could ever reveal that the machine had been tampered with. The means to accomplish this rests at all

times with the Registrar of Voters, and any or all of the election inspectors appointed by him, and subject to his control alone. We proved that with no check upon that individual and those under his control, there is absolutely no chance of anyone being elected to office in San Francisco without the consent of Major Collins and his men. The stubborn resistance of this official to any and all suggestions which proposed placing any check upon him or his election officials, indicated to us that he was prepared to retain Rossi in office at any cost.

The best time for this manipulation of the machine would obviously be after all the vote is in, and the machines were opened to take the count. That extraordinary steps were taken in this election is shown by the amazing circumstance that in possibly six or seven hundred of the 1055 precincts at 8 o'clock on election night, the doors were locked, and no one was allowed in the polling places while the vote was counted, except the election officials who owe their jobs to Major Collins.

In some cases where some of our candidates tried to get into precincts to watch the count, they were told by policemen guarding the doors to take it up with police headquarters. And in two precincts even lawyers representing us were refused admittance. It was well known to Major Collins, or anyone who might be interested to know, three days before the election that we would not be able to have watchers for more than about fifteen per cent of the polling places. Adolph Uhl made a dramatic newspaper gesture of demanding the right to have watchers at the polls, some days before election, thus giving Collins a chance to deny him that right, and issue a statement to the press in which he declared that watchers were a nuisance and could not be tolerated around the polling places. This, in spite of the fact that the law provides that any citizen has a right to watch at the polls and watch the count. Uhl's acceptance of Collins' decree gave support to his unlawful position, and aided in creating the psychology which enabled him to close the polls as he did for the count, without arousing any public protest.

Another phase of the newspaper conspiracy to aid in conditioning the public mind for acceptance of the Rossi vote was a last minute editorial appeal for the voters to get out and be sure and give Rossi a majority over all candidates, and prevent any minority from winning the election, a thing we had often predicted was very likely to happen, with five candidates running for mayor. In all pre-election estimates, the five candidates appeared to have approximately equal strength, but in the count announced by Collins, Rossi won by an overwhelming majority. Perhaps a more strikingly significant thing than the fourteen thousand odd votes allowed Redfern Mason, was the report of only five and six thousand odd votes given Rainey and Todd, respectively. The insignificant totals given these well known politicians, each of whom put on a rousing campaign, and each of whom had a considerable machine working for him, indicates quite clearly that the absurd Rossi majority was probably piled up by liberal pilfering from both Rainey and Todd, as well as Mason. They, of course, will make no claims of fraud, as it is well known that they were only in the race to help Rossi, and might easily have withdrawn in his favor previous to the election, if it had not been so widely claimed by us that they would do that very thing. In such a situation, it was much better strategy to stay in to the end, and allow the Rossi counters to transfer their votes to his column.

The supervisors acceptable to Rossi were all counted in

with overwhelming votes, and in this connection it is interesting to note the manner in which one of the incumbents, Gallagher, was "dumped" and a quite unknown candidate named Dewey Mead, who ran on the Cincinnatus ticket but was indorsed by all principal groups indorsing Rossi, was put on the Board in his stead. Mead's vote was about thirty-five thousand in excess of any of the other Cincinnatus candidates, and there is no kind of logical political analysis that can explain that, except that votes transferred from other supervisor candidates were added to his legitimate total.

Another amazing upset in calculations came on the count of the charter amendments voted upon. Although five of these charter amendments were favored by almost every group in the city, and should have carried by majorities of thirty or forty thousand at least, they were all voted down by a narrow margin in the Collins' count.

We know that trouble shooters with a great many seals were sent out from the Registrar's office after 8 o'clock the night of election day. There is no possible legitimate reason for such seals being sent out, and the logical deduction to be made from that circumstance is that they were sent to cover up the fixing of additional machines, added to the total of those originally planned for fixing, in order to make the Rossi majority over all candidates more certain and substantial. It can be assumed that in all precincts where fixing was pre-arranged, the inspectors would be supplied in advance with seals. Of course, no one can ever prove conclusively that there was tampering with the machines, unless someone guilty of such tampering makes a confession, and since that would involve a prison sentence, there is no likelihood of that. So it will never be known how many thousands of votes were added to the Rossi column by the simple trick of transferring them from Mason, Rainey and Todd.

An average of only forty votes per precinct, transferred from other candidates to Rossi and those elected with him, in the precincts where such manipulation could have been done with impunity, would have given him thirty thousand of the thirty-seven thousand plurality with which he was counted in. An honest count might have elected him anyway, but it would have been by a very close margin, and it certainly would not have elected Dewey Mead to the Board of Supervisors, nor defeated the charter amendments. My guess is that Redfern Mason was allowed only about half the votes cast for him, and that approximately ten thousand votes each were taken from Rainey and Todd, to make up the absurd Rossi total.

My conclusions that thousands of votes were stolen from the United Labor Candidates cannot be disposed of by the claim that we are bad losers, or merely crying over spilt milk. The thing that I am claiming happened, was predicted previous to the election in radio broadcasts. We could see it coming. We did what we could, with the limited organization strength that we had, to guard against it. But, as we pointed out before election, and I am pointing out again now, there is absolutely no chance of preventing the manipulation of the voting machines in San Francisco to produce any result required by the people in power, so long as Major Collins is permitted the unrestricted control of elections that is allowed at present. The authority he assumed is in violation of the laws of the State of California. The acquiescence of all the so-called non-partisan candidates in his violation of the election laws, makes it difficult for any opposition movement to demand and secure the enforcement of the law to the letter,

but a sufficiently powerful organization can do that.

Such an organization will undoubtedly be built in San Francisco. The corruption and mis-rule that was rampant in San Francisco twenty years ago, again dominates the local scene. Big business, brazen in its political control and brutal in its destructive drive against militant labor and all the people's democratic rights, is riding for a fall. The fusion of forces that united behind Redfern Mason in this political campaign is already preparing for the next engagement. The showing made with but seven weeks preparation has been most encouraging to all who gave their time and effort to the campaign, with a clear understanding of the obstacles to be met. Another year of preparation should bring into being a United Labor Party movement which would be in reality the thing we have had in theory.

It will be a political movement of, by and for the unions themselves. The active workers in that movement must be largely drawn from the membership of the unions with other organizations playing only a minor role. The militant labor, liberal and radical forces in San Francisco are moving strongly in that direction. It is the direction that promises power for the people.

(This is second of two articles by Mr. Legere analyzing the the recent San Francisco municipal election. The first appeared in last week's issue.)

THE THEATER

SYNOPSISIZED SHAKESPEARE

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

THERE wouldn't be any point, somehow, in complaining that the Old Globe Theatre Players, whom Mr. Peter Conley is now so successfully presenting at the Alcazar, are taking liberties with Shakespeare. That is not nearly so important, perhaps, as the fact that they are putting on spanking and staccato shows, and that the customers are liking them.

"Streamlined Shakespeare", they call it, and it means that they have made cuts, trims and speedups to such an extent that they are able to give the general idea of two Shakespeare plays for the price, and during the time, of one. On the opening night, for instance, they served the customers *Julius Caesar* and *The Taming of the Shrew* and still had time to let a lovely young woman sing a number of Elizabethan (or thereabouts) songs to her own accompaniment on the virginal.

These energetic Globe players made a record of some sort by appearing in 1,000 successive performances of Shakespeare at the World's Fair in Chicago, and their performances reflect both the good and the bad effects of their experience. The good effect is that speed now comes quite natural to them, so that they are able to reel off a comedy and a tragedy in an evening with everybody playing the full sixty minutes and no substitutes being called from the bench.

The not-so-good effect is that they have, obviously, been playing before none-too-critical audiences and therefore have neglected finesse in many spots. There are times when their speech trails off into unintelligibility and there are others

when lines are spoken with not nearly sufficient conviction. This defect is easily remediable, of course, and because of their sprightly pace of presentation, it is apt to be overlooked by all but the most exactly academic of the Shakespeare adorers.

There will be no end to the arguments that will arise over the Globe group's wisdom, or lack of it, in cutting. *Julius Caesar*, for instance, ends with the mob racing off for vengeance after having been intoxicated with Marc Antony's Mussolini-Hitler oratory. The fate of Brutus, Cassius, et al is omitted and so is the fine scene between the two arch-conspirators.

The Taming of the Shrew ceases when Petruchio has taken Kate to his home, bedded her without supper and informed the audience that he is the world's No. 1 wife-subduer. This is a little sad, since the final scene wherein Kate tells Bianca how a spouse really should behave to her husband, is left out. And *The Taming of the Shrew*, as Heywood Brown recently pointed out, is incomplete even when you have it all. There should be another act showing how Kate and Petruchio are getting along a year later.

But these criticisms needn't prevent you from thoroughly enjoying the Globers for what they give, which is a completely engrossing rapid fire compendium of a couple of the Bard's works each night. *Hamlet*, I believe, is the one play they have not touched with their scissors. On their program it occupies an entire evening, all by itself.

If anyone shone particularly, it was Carl Benton Reid, who played both Brutus and Petruchio, and Miss Jackson Perkins, whose Katherina outdid Peggy Wood's (of last summer) for athletics. John A. Willard deserves a word for his Marc Antony. In the final oration he became a pointed caricature of Hitler and Mussolini, revealing strikingly the hollowness of demagogues and Shakespeare's impatience with mobs who are swayed by them. The accents in the play are all American rather than British, which is a slight shock to those who heard the Stratford players here, but one grows accustomed to them. The Globe engagement is worth while, if only to show how many amusing tricks can be done with Shakespeare—without damaging him in the least.

BOOKS

THE "MIDDLE CLASS" MUST CHOOSE

BY DAVID CARTWRIGHT

THE permanent crisis of capitalism lays a choice upon the middle class which dooms it as a class; but the middle class is already in the throes of division and disintegration. This is the verdict which Mr. Corey returns in his new work*, a history and an analysis of the role the middle class has performed in the upsurge of the bourgeoisie, at the crest of the capitalist wave and on the decline which now darkens the fate of western democratic civilization. Orthodox economists have debated the breadth, depth and composition of the

*THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, by Lewis Corey. (Covici, Friede) \$2.50

middle class, but Mr. Corey's sound conclusion is that the middle class is to-day near enough dissolution that it is doubtful whether it can be spoken of as an integrated class, unified by a common purpose.

Ownership of small, independent property has hitherto been the mark of the middle class. In the twentieth century, however, only the big bourgeoisie is a property-owning class, and the petit bourgeoisie has been almost entirely deprived of its property holdings. Jacksonian America was three-quarters agricultural, the independent property-owning farmer was the most numerous American, but by 1930 census figures point out that only a little more than 25 per cent of the gainfully occupied population of the United States can be included in the middle class. What is of vastly greater significance is that only about one-fourth of this ambiguous class, which has exhausted itself in the losing fight against monopoly of property by the big bourgeoisie, is made up of independent enterprisers. The great majority have been reduced to the status of salaried employes of capitalist industry. There has been produced then by the accumulative, narrowing movement of American capital a middle class, 75 per cent of whose members are salaried employes, utterly without the property security characteristic of the historical middle class. From the factual premises at hand Mr. Corey correctly and brilliantly deduces what he calls the "split personality" of the middle class. Not only is there an antagonism between the big and the small propertied bourgeoisie; but there is a new and greater antagonism between the propertied middle class and the "new" middle class of salaried employes; and finally there is a third antagonism, between the high salaried supervisory employes of capitalism and the smaller salaried employes in the great majority, whose economic position is similar to that of the working class.

Deepening of the capitalist crisis works greater suffering on the middle class than ever before. For the middle class, Mr. Corey explains, the final crisis of capitalism is not a crisis of property any longer, but a crisis of employment. During the rationalizing period of the depression unemployment among the salaried middle class and professionals proceeds more rapidly than among the wage workers. Because of this accelerated movement, which is toward proletarianization, the middle class verges on chaotic, desperate disunity. As a result, the various segments of that class, broken up by the new and old antagonisms, are forced to make a choice upon which the whole fate of civilization and western culture depends.

Perhaps Mr. Corey's most illuminating contribution to the study of the middle class is the historical estimate of the middle class: he traces the struggle for power that marked that class when it was the vanguard of infant capitalism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when the free market of the world was first set in motion, up through the critical periods in French, English and American history when the division between the greater and the lesser bourgeoisie first took place. In the English rebellions, in the French Revolution, in the American War for Independence, the middle class acted in accord with its desire to protect and obtain property. In each instance, however, the middle class played the role of defender of the interests of the great bourgeoisie. The political philosophy of the middle class has been democratic radicalism of property, so that in the first stages of each of the revolutionary changes that established the supremacy of the free market, the middle class acted against the great bourgeoisie for a wider ownership of property; but in the second and succeeding stages (after Robespierre, after the Tea Party) when the upheavals took on a more radical, anti-property, socialistic character, the middle class turned right about-face to come to the aid of the big bourgeoisie with which it sentimentally identified its interests. The struggle that began in 1640 came to a close in the New Era of American prosperity. It is the history of petit bourgeois

radicalism: the Jacobin tradition, the history of Jeffersonianism and Jacksonianism.

In 1935 when nearly 90 per cent of the American people are propertyless, the middle class struggle for power has degenerated into a struggle for survival. The interests of the majority of the middle class gravitate toward identity with the working class. Will they recognize that commonalty? If they do so, says Mr. Corey, they will, in conjunction with the working class, be able to convert the highly collectivized character of modern profit industry into a genuine socialism. If they move to the right they prepare the way for the barbaric dictatorship of fascism, with its suppression of the working class, the destruction of culture, the lowering of the standard of living until industrial Europe returns again to a Dark Ages. A misconception of its alliance with the big bourgeoisie is the cause of the rise of Fascism, produces the Mussolinis and Hitlers and the cruelest and most stupid of states. To move to the left, to ally themselves with the proletariat from whom it becomes more and more impossible to distinguish them, provides the middle class with the honorable, potential role of fulfilling and going beyond its revolutionary tradition on to communism. And communism, says Mr. Corey, is the only way out. All else is darkness.

For those who are concerned with the more technical results of analysis it will be of interest to readers of this work to know that Mr. Corey has discarded the reformist viewpoint which marked *The Decline of American Capitalism*. He seems to have discarded also the whole burden of American exceptionalism which he formerly carried. As a result, he has written a brilliant estimate of the class whose crucial position and the determination of whose allegiance will change the face of the world for better or for worse. *The Crisis of the Middle Class* will come to be accepted as indispensable to the thorough student of class and economic relations and will be given a place alongside the works of John Strachey.

TRANQUIL RECOLLECTIONS

ENGLISH YEARS, by James Whitall. (Harcourt, Brace)
\$2.75

(Reviewed by Una Jeffers)

TRAPALGAR SQUARE: was it the center of the universe? What universe? you will say. Though I admit certain claims of a narrowly sentimental sort from America, I never feel that authentic sureness of belonging where I am when out of England." That is James Whitall's certainty to-day as it was in 1914, when, a young man with a comfortable allowance, he left Philadelphia and his father's firm behind, and took his wife to England "to find an atmosphere conducive to writing, and to meet George Moore".

From the first days spent in the windows of a room almost suspended over the Strand to the last moment in the last of their several houses he never questioned his content in the English scene. The Whitalls settled quickly into Charles Kingsley's old house in Cheyne Road and began quiet paces along the Embankment, breathing in the enchantment of old Chelsea houses with the damp Thames air, stopping to dream of Carlyle emerging from his gate, or to fancy the May sunlight caught in Whistler's white plume when he leaned against his studio window.

Their cousins Logan Pearsall Smith and his sister, once the wife of Bertrand Russell, introduced them to the ways of life in old country houses. Primroses, old thatched roofs, the scent of wall-flowers, stone jugs to warm their beds—nothing was alien to him. Almost nothing, for there was uneasiness in that long flight to the one bath-room, with the probability of meeting fellow guests at its door, only mitigated by the thought that if the guest were the eminent Cambridge professor of archaeology, Miss Jane Harrison, she would certainly com-

mand the situation with a short but adequate "reference to Family vs. Community Life, or even Ritualism".

Soon the Whitalls were seeing many of the important people of the day; Lytton Strachey with his terrifying silences and sudden falsetto comments; Conrad, looking like a sea-captain buttoned into a tight double-breasted coat, his face a tracery of tiny lines, surprised them by his Slavic accent, and when his spoken English failed in construction cried out against George Moore, "Oh, voilà un vrai mégalomane!" Ellen Terry, old and infirm, pushed aside her host of attendants and clouds of fluttering veils to flare once more for one moment with her old dramatic fire. And if Henry James offended his American friends by his own resolute expatriation, he indicated how unbecoming he found it in young Whitall to say, "I have shaken the dust of my country from my feet." Laying a heavy admonishing hand on his shoulder James replied, "In speaking, my dear young man, as you have all frankly and all complacently spoken, you strike a note that, while I do full justice to the accomplished abandonment, sounds harshly to my ears . . ."

But the heart of the book is the author's puzzling connection with George Moore, who almost at sight had proposed a collaboration. Using the plot of Moore's episode, *Euphorion* in Texas, Whitall was to write a novel from the woman's point of view, explaining the motivation which culminated in her visit to Moore. Moore promised constant advice and suggestions as the work progressed. Whitall had already realized that there was more curiosity about Moore than any other literary man in London. He had few intimates, many enemies. The one characteristic they all agree that Moore possessed was a complete dedication to his art. He was a bitter and unrelenting critic of himself and of all writers where the turn of a phrase was involved. A labor almost fanatical had perfected that limpid prose, which flows like a quiet winding stream, so gently no ripple dims its clear mirror. Already an old man, he invariably evaded any demand on his time or strength: he read few of his contemporaries—(his comment on refusing to read Proust: "If a man chooses to dig up a field with a pair of knitting-needles, is there any reason why I should watch him doing it?"); he was not a generous man; why then did he burden himself with this young American, aspiring certainly, but an entirely unproved writer? George Moore is one of a half dozen subjects this reviewer would rise up from her death-bed to discuss, and she confesses that this adventure of Master-collaborator and Pupil-writer is one of the most inexplicable affairs she has encountered in literary history. For more than a year Moore aided, criticized, amended, but when Whitall had completed the novel and arranged for simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic, Moore refused to allow it to go forth. Mr. Whitall was affronted, but sensibly concluded that he had received guidance of inestimable value, and continued the friendly association. Moore was petulant and exasperating and a difficult guest, for his dislikes were strong; he was eager to hurt an admirer of Henry James by delivering a calculated opinion on him, just as his distaste for dogs defiling London door-steps impelled him to stop and berate a passing stranger for feeding a great Dane in wartime. Even so it isn't pleasant to find Mr. Whitall cross when he must pilot the old man's steps homeward through a dense fog; one wishes he might even once have clasped that aging Irishman with real human warmth and tenderness and could now tell us Moore's response.

No sharp pain or love or harrowing joy pierces the vague sunlight that pervades this book. Like a man wrapped in his dream Mr. Whitall lived through air-raids and transatlantic crossings over submarines with an even mind. And whether he is selling at a difficult moment his beautiful country-place to Austen Chamberlain at an advance of £2000, or eating his first crumpet as a member of the exclusive Savile Club, or

gazing into the serene lofty countenance of Virginia Woolf, unaccented monotony is the manner of his telling it. A manner which at its best moments is a fair reflection of George Moore's later prose, but how different from the method of his *Memoirs*! Mr. Whitall is careful not to overwhelm his reader with the charm, wit and intelligence which he must possess, to have engaged the attention of these distinguished people. Can it be that he has too thoroughly achieved that much publicized English quality of understatement?

CHUCKLE--OR GROAN

DIET AND DIE, by Carl Malmberg. (Hillman-Curl) \$1.50

(Reviewed by R. A. Kocher, M. D.)

THIS is an hilarious book on a serious subject. Reactions, of course, will differ—some may only chuckle; those for whom the book is especially intended will groan. Such is human perversity. And on human perversity is based the prevalence of medicinal frauds and diet fads so devastatingly exposed in this little book.

Among the diet fads and fallacies which form the subject of keen critical analysis by the author are Vegetarianism, Fasting, Hay Dieting, Rocine's Eliminative Beauty Diet, The Hollywood Eighteen Day Diet, The Banana and Skimmed Milk Diet. The criticisms throughout are based on a sound scientific understanding of the fundamentals of human nutrition. The treatment, though in the main serious and always dignified, is bristling with wit and a withering humor.

Guilt for the successful dissemination of fraudulent claims in diet fads is laid at the door of unethical newspapers and periodicals which carry the misleading advertisements. Several of national repute are named in the text. Need for legislation is stressed. But, laments the author, "The so-called Tugwell bill to reform the practices in the food and drug industries was killed, not by the out and out crooks who peddle fake medicines, but by the leaders in the advertising and publishing industries who saw that a certain small share of their customary profits would vanish if the bill was passed." And finally: "Government regulation has been tried and has failed, and nothing short of a complete legal ban could be effective. Such a ban, however, is too much to expect under a system in which the chief function of the government is to insure and protect private profits."

FUTILE SYSTEM

CELL 202—SING SING, by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. (Farrar & Rinehart) \$3

(Reviewed by George Whitmore)

FOR the Sing Sing of to-day, as all other prisons, is as real, as necessary and, I confess, as fruitless as ever.

Had the astute Warden Lawes substituted "futile" for "fruitless" in the statement quoted, his sentence would have epitomized the substance of his latest book, and this despite the fact that the volume is burdened with some 300,000 (often badly-chosen) words.

With grim cleverness the publishers have bound the volume in cloth of prison-grey. It might even be the very material from which Sing Sing uniforms are made. But the book is as drab as its cover. Perhaps drabness is inseparable from prisons—and prison wardens.

The story is of the lives of four men who occupied successively the same cell at Sing Sing during the century beginning with 1826. The author undertakes to explain the forces and

influences which brought each prisoner there. Each man has been convicted of murder. And yet, with labored, rambling pages by the hundreds, he attempts to show that none of them are murderers—not at heart anyway.

The first occupant of the cell, Abner Wilde, scratches his name in one of the stones of the wall. Beneath it he inscribes "Rebel". It took him twenty years to engrave the words, only to discover at the end of his toil that he was mistaken about himself. So, with wholly unconvincing interest in the matter one way or another, he arduously scratched a line through "Rebel".

In the order of their occupancy, the other three tenants of Cell 202 inscribed themselves Cynic, Skeptic, Marionette. Why, since he was working on granite with a nail, the last occupant did not shorten his labor by writing Tool, or even Puppet, only Warden Lawes can explain.

This reviewer had grave doubts of the ability of a keeper to know how it feels to be a prisoner. Those doubts were intensified after reading Warden Lawes on the subject.

Although he is admittedly the most enlightened of his contemporaries in the matter of prison administration, the author, after all, is a warden, a keeper, a disciplinarian of men in the unnatural state of imprisonment. To interpret or portray the mental processes of the men behind the stone and steel would require perception of a higher order than is indicated by the current effort.

Warden Lawes is surest of himself when depicting scenes of prison life. A few of the episodes in his book are valuable, not as literary gems, but as historical data unquestionably taken from the records and files of Sing Sing. Some of the incidents are humorously grotesque enough to have actually happened. One of them is worth repeating:

Through the ministrations of the chaplain, a Negro prisoner is convinced that he has a soul which is in communication with God. So real does this seem to him that he talks aloud to his Maker during the early hours of the morning. Hearing him at dawn one day a keeper calls to him: "Hey, there, nigger, who you talkin' to in that cell?"

"Jes' me an' de Lawd yere, officer," Snowball whispered back.

"Well," the keeper laughed, "the Lord will have to go in His own cell, I'm takin' the count."

TWO TRAVEL BOOKS

THE VOYAGE OF THE CHELYUSKIN, by Members of the Expedition. Translated by Alec Brown. (Macmillan) \$3.50

NORTH TO THE ORIENT, by Anne Lindbergh. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Leslie T. White)

HERE is an epic story of modern Vikings who dared the treacherous Arctic in an attempt to force a Northeast passage. Sponsored by the Soviet government and headed by Professor Schmidt, a group of over a hundred courageous Russians started out from Leningrad in the *Chelyuskin* to ascertain whether an ordinary cargo boat could navigate the northern extremity of Asia. If they could succeed a new world would be opened! And they almost made it! Within six miles of the ice-free waters of the Pacific, they were trapped in the ice. For three months the ice pulled them back, deeper and deeper into the floes, and then the *Chelyuskin* sank!

Polar history was made in that voyage, but aviation history was made by the flyers who rescued the *Chelyuskin's* passengers. It is a thrilling yarn, told in minute detail by the various members of the expedition. About twenty-eight separate

authors deal with the voyage and seven aviators cover the plane rescue. While this lends authenticity to the story, it also detracts somewhat from the continuity. There is quite a bit of repetition. For example, about half a dozen different authors repeat the details of the actual sinking of the brave *Chelyuskin*. After the third reading one begins to wish they would leave the vessel at rest.

Although the ship was lost, the trip was a success. Priceless data were gathered and saved, and the government is already planning a second expedition which, profiting from the experience gained on this voyage, will probably succeed in making the complete passage.

This is the sort of history that should be read and studied, not the destructive history of wars and slaughter, but the ever-new story of advancement and exploration where brave men and women will risk more horrible death than even war has to offer, in an attempt to benefit their fellowman and make this grim old world a better place in which to live. At a time like the present when Italy is plundering a smaller nation to grasp a pitiful piece of land, Russia's attempt to conquer the Arctic is particularly admirable. Two nations after land and commerce, but what a difference in approach!

* * *

In January of this year, an R. C. M. P. dogteam whirled me into a lonely outpost on the edge of Hudson's Bay. The natives were still talking about the visit of the famous Lindberghs. It wasn't the dangers of the Lindbergh's flight that impressed these people, for danger is a part of their lives. It wasn't the historic value, nor even the romance of that "north to the orient". What they wanted to tell me was what a "swell" couple the Lindberghs were!

When you read this book—and you'll want to read it—you are impressed with Anne Lindbergh's homely simplicity. Her description of the preparations for the epic flight remind you of the time you and the wife packed the family flivver for that trip to the mountains, or was it the seashore? She speaks of clothes and equipment strewn around the house, of maps, plans and minor arguments—even that extra handkerchief. The title summarizes the trip—north to the orient. They flew from New York, across Canada, to Alaska, Russia, Japan. They had fun, thrills and adventure. Charles even had to pull a gun to protect his plane, and their lives.

Anne Lindbergh beat all the reviewers; she wrote her own review and called it a preface. You can't do better, and neither can I. This book defies classification. It is not a travel book, not a . . . Well, let's call it a fairy tale! It is a fairy tale of now, for yesterday it could not have happened, and tomorrow it will be history. It is a magnificent story of romance aboard a magic carpet by a little girl who can write.

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UNA JEFFERS, wife of Robinson Jeffers, is particularly interested in Irish literature. She has recently given talks on W. B. Yeats.

DAVID CARTWRIGHT is a student at the University of California. He has written several books and done reviewing for a number of papers.

GEORGE WHITMORE was, in his own words, "schooled, but not educated, at University of Utah". He was "really educated" by ten years' work on various San Francisco newspapers. At present doing research on bay region Labor history.

DR. R. A. KOCHER is a California physician who has done medical research in various parts of the country and specializes in diet.

LESLIE T. WHITE was criminal investigator in the office of the District Attorney at Los Angeles. He is now on a trip East on business connected with his autobiography, "Me, Detective".

"THEY TELL ME--"

THE BILL PROHME who has just died in Honolulu was the husband of Rayna Prohme, the romantic and red-haired heroine of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History". Rayna Prohme died in Moscow in 1927, after going all through the Chinese revolution; after her death Sheean left Russia never to return. He has told this story in an earlier novel, "Gog and Magog", published by Harcourt, Brace, as well as in his autobiography; the novelized version agrees in practically all details with the fact story, even to identical conversations.

A VERY STRANGE phenomenon appears in "Common Sense" of Dec. 1. Alfred M. Bingham, the magazine's editor, in reviewing Corey's "Crisis of the Middle Class", praising it highly as a brilliant book, remarks in paragraph 2: "Yet the book is based on fallacy, and it leads to fallacy. The fallacy is that there is a middle class."

Then you look above and see a review by John Dewey of a book by Alfred M. Bingham. Its title is "Insurgent America: Revolt of the Middle Classes".

The story behind this is interesting. Bingham, disgusted with capitalism and a private profit economy, has allied himself with attempts to start a third party in America. To gain adherents this party must discredit the Marxians; and, unable to attack the Marxian analysis of society, they have attacked their methods, language, technique, etc. But the Communists are improving their propaganda methods so fast, becoming Americanized, using Americanese and changing too sectarian attitudes into united front appeals, that the ground is rather cut away from under the third party's feet. Middle class people, professionals, intellectuals, writers, are getting behind the workers in their drive for a juster world: more and more it is being realized that unity is better than more splitting and more splitting. This leaves Mr. Bingham's Middle Class rather up in the air, while the Marxians are gathering them in.

And now we hear that at a recent luncheon party in New York at which were Upton Sinclair, Gov. Floyd B. Olsen, Bingham and his co-editor on "Common Sense", Selden Rodman, and Harold Loeb, the technocrat (who also must go politically third party if he wants neither the present system nor communism): "Their chief topic of conversation was the Communists, what to do with them and about them."

WE ARE ABOUT to disclose a major literary sensation!

George Moore did not write "A Story Teller's Holiday". We have it from the man best qualified to know, James Stephens. Stephens knows because he wrote it himself, so he said, and Moore paid him a hundred pounds (\$500) for it. Great discussions raged over this revelation in Carmel over the weekend. Una Jeffers, an ardent Moore fan, would not believe it. Ella Young, Irish poet and one of the famous band of poets, seers and Irish revolutionaries, felt it might be quite possible, because there was a time (about 1906) when a group of Irish writers read everything they wrote to one another, discussed, criticized and suggested changes, and even took one another's suggestions. It was a veritable writers' commune, said Ella Young.

When Yeats, Gogarty, AE, John Elington, George Moore, James Stephens, she and Maud Gonne met and read their poems and stories and novels to one another "everyone

suggested words, lines, phrases, whole chapter endings". AE suggested a different ending to "Evelyn Innes", but Moore didn't change it.

Ella Young reminisced a lot on this Carmel visit about the great Irish days. She told of Roger Casement and how every county in Ireland collected signatures to a petition for his pardon, not because they thought they could get him off but because they wanted him to know how Ireland felt about him.

"But the English when they get a man down they step on him—they have no sense of fairness."—and her clouded, far-away blue eyes grew near and bright with blazing pinpoint pupils—"and so they hanged him.

"Roger Casement was the most beautiful person I ever met. He was so handsome, so tall—people would stop and stare, but there was such nobility in his face that you forgot he was handsome."

Ella Young wrote him an unsigned letter when he was in prison and sent it with a bunch of Irish heather—she didn't sign it because it said what all the people in Ireland felt about him. She knows he got it because he quoted from it in a defense speech.

And Roger Casement never accepted the knighthood the English king conferred on him. The seal of the package with the knight insignia was unbroken when Casement dangled from the gallows. It is said that someone did write a letter of acknowledgment but this was a friend, not Casement himself.

—ELLA WINTER

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